

house, the previous night, and had received what purported to be a message from her deceased daughter, who left the form at the age of three or four years. The communicating spirit—if it was a spirit—directed her to go to Mr. Conklin's room, where she would receive a communication.

On sitting down to the table, the hand of the medium was moved, and wrote as follows—he not knowing who she was, or any thing in relation to her family:

"My dear mama, you don't know how happy you have made me, by coming here. I love you so much, mama, and have wanted to tell you so, by writing with a medium. Aunt Susan and uncle John are here with me, and tell me what to write. We are all happy, and all love you. I am your little angel, SARAH."

The lady burst into a flood of tears; and the spirit wrote the following:

"Don't cry, dear mama; we are not dead, only you can't see us. We live in heaven, with angels. SARAH."

The lady then asked the following question:

"Can you tell me who came up the street with me just now?"

The spirit answered:

"Yes; father."

The lady replied: "That is correct."

She went away with her mind convinced, and her heart full. No Gimes, nor any other mountebank scoffer, need attempt to stagger her faith.

A Prophecy.

HYLAS, MEDIUM.

Mortal man, listen to the still, small voice of thy inner-self, for it is the voice of God! Listen to the deep-toned thunders of Freedom's Jubilee, as they roar and rumble o'er the hill-tops, and through the valleys of the earth! 'Tis the sound of the gathering battle, and the *avant courier* of the coming strife. 'Tis the sound of the marshalling of the armies of the Spirit-land, and the noise of the gathering of the waters—the living waters of Eternal Truth—which ere long shall burst their bounds, and, sweeping down the sides of the Mountains of Time, bear away on their resistless bosom every vestige of every monument, born of the ignorance of men, and erected by the deluded votaries of Blindness, Egotism, Despotism, Faith, and Crime. These, all these, shall be swept down by the mighty torrent of Supernal Truth—the rushing, swelling current of light, and be borne away to the deepest sea of oblivion, and in the dark Ocean of Lethe, be forever buried. See; the oceans look dark; the skies are obscured by ~~darkling~~ vapors, so-called, from the fens and swamps of human ignorance and human folly. The winds in the mountain gorges are stripping the leaves, all withered and seared, from the limbs of the Tree of Humanity! Hoarse howlings of the moral elements are heard by the affrighted children of the earth, and they are running hither and thither like the lambs of a flock, when the wolf's howl is heard in the hours preceding the dawn of night. All, and everything betokens that the waters are troubled, for a purpose, and for a use; because the monuments of human faith and belief are cemented and built of good materials, wrongly—badly put together; and they rose and were upreared amidst the tears and groans and bloody sweat of the children of the living God. "TUER MUST COME DOWN." God hath said it, and angels bear the message and decree. Harken unto the glad symphonies of the Deific Choral Host—the voices of the millions of the blest—the radiant dwellers of the starry land—the golden-gloried Spirit Home. Listen to the sounding echoes of the myriad cymbals, and the shrill notes of the unnumbered clarions of the skies! For lo! they reverberate through the disturbed atmosphere, and are borne in solemn tones upon the awful stillness of the midnight air! 'Tis the warning presage of the coming storm! And when that storm shall burst, woe unto all who do wickedly, for behold the lurid lightnings shall dart athwart the skies, rendering the darkness of man's moral and intellectual nature more visible; and the

secret things of the soul shall be laid bare! And when this shall be, then will the souls of wrong-doing men feel ashamed, and the electric fires of eternal truth shall penetrate the hardened heart, and burn out the seeds, roots, and very germs of evil; and the unutterable pangs then endured, shall be like those of the earthly birth, and in the awful misery of that transition hour men shall feel the pangs of hell, and in the bitterness of their anguish call aloud for the rocks and the mountains to fall on and hide them from the face of what, in the extremity of their terror, they will regard as an avenging Deity.

Poor, silly men! The fires are but the lightnings of Truth. The thunders are but the noise of the rolling of the wheels of the onward Car of Progress! Soon the elements will subside; the Sun of Glory will once more burst through the clouds, and illumine the fields of time and earth! And the wailings of the affrighted children of this lower sphere shall be changed into the flowing melody of the azure heavens.

"And behold I looked, and lo! the old heaven and the old earth had passed away, and I saw the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven; and there was no more sin, nor death, for the voice of its Lord God was heard, saying, 'Sing, my babes, and lo! the earth and heavens were filled with the silvery cadences of the myriad redeemed.'"

A Spiritual Glimpse of the Future.

On Monday morning, while sitting in our office, P. B. RANDOLPH, of whom we have spoken in other places in this paper, was entranced, and the controlling spirit called for a reporter, to take down what he was about to say. The reporter took his seat, and the spirit gave forth, through the organs of the medium, the following beautiful portraiture of coming time on earth.

It will be seen that the spirit is reading from a paper, the date of which is A. D. 3356; and the article which he is reading, is copied from another paper, found in a bottle, floating on the ocean, the date of which was A. D. 2556. It is the poetry of prophecy.

EXTRACT

From a Newspaper, found in a Bottle, floating on the Sea.

The article is evidently part of a letter from one friend to another. A portion of the silk on which it was printed, had been so defaced, by the ravages of time, that it was exceedingly difficult to decipher the contents; and therefore we are compelled to omit the commencement of the letter, and can only present a portion of its conclusion:

"We present our readers, this noon, with this rich relic of antiquity, being a part of the contents of a news journal, printed on silk in the olden time; its date is February 8th, A. D. 2556, exactly 800 years ago, this being August 5th, A. D. 3356. We make the following extracts for the purpose of showing our six millions of readers the wonderful contrast between the present condition of the human race, and the astonishing barbarism, (which, by the way, was at that time—2556—regarded as the very essence of civilization and social perfection,) of that dark age. Our readers will notice the tone of pride in which the writer speaks, when contrasting the age in which he lived, with the uncouth barbarism of the 18th and 19th century. But here is the article, it speaks for itself:

"Ah! my lovely Zolivia, would that I could spare the time to fly to thee on the wings of love, that I might drink in the soul-floods ever gushing from the snowy fountain of thy gentle spirit; but, alas! it can not be. Zolivia, my lovely one, the soul of thy Dalvin yearns to be free from the thralldom, to which it has so long been subjected, and he longs to sleep—or as the savages of the 19th century used in their ignorance to express it—die. In the dark ages, whose history I have lately been reading, my Zolivia, men lived to an astonishing age; because they were so utterly ignorant of the laws of life and development, that they plodded on through sixty, seventy, and in rare cases, even an hundred years, ere they completed their external spiritual growth, which is essential to a passage over the River to the first form of the second life. Their ignorance, my love-bird, was such that diseases, and

frightful disorders, without number, afflicted them, and a healthy human cranium was scarcely ever seen, and consequently a perfect human pleasure seldom, if ever, enjoyed or experienced; and as a further consequence of their darkened state, they were subject to mental disorders of the most terrible kind, among which, as I learn from the perusal of their history, were two of a peculiarly distressing nature; there were, first a strange fatuity, which caused them to imagine untold perfections residing in a kind of earth, or lustrous metal, which they called gold, the same, Zolivia, with which the worship—temples of our cities are built. This strange disease, which so sadly afflicted the barbarians of the 19th century, affected the eyes in such a manner, that nothing was regarded as beautiful, unless it had a yellow hue; and, strange as it may seem to you, no man had influence, or was considered even respectable, unless he possessed a large amount of small medals, made of this yellow earth, together with large bundles of sheets of paper, adorned with pictures, and which were called bank notes. These pictures, instead of adorning the walls of their dwellings, were kept securely locked in ponderous iron trunks, called safes.

The second disease to which these poor creatures were subjected, and which affected the nervous system in a most singular manner, was one known as Political Ambition. After a man had, by the exercise of what was then known as MEANNESS, but which has long since become extinct in the human breast, after he had accumulated a large bundle of these pictures, to which I have alluded, the back part of his brain became inflamed, and then the strangest vagaries took possession of his mind, and he would place himself in a position where all the people could see him, and beg of them to lay him in a bed made of small bits of paper, called *ballots*, and attempt to carry him thereon into a place more or less elevated, called *office*, where he was generally treated as a lunatic, and became the gilded slave of the very men who placed him there; the disease sometimes lasted a whole life, but was at times cured by *saline draughts*, or a bath or two in a river whose waters were salt. The people would occasionally place the patient in a wherry or boat, and then row up the stream, where the bath was taken, and convalescence generally followed. Let us return:—I stated that I was weary, my Zolivia, but I know that I shall soon pass through the transition, my lovely one, and in my new form will often visit thee, and avail myself of my privilege to sometimes bear thee with me to the halls and temples in the spirit-realms of Jupiter and Saturn. It is thirty years, Zolivia, since my birth on earth, and I am growing old. I have recently taken a retrospective glance down the dim vista of the past, and have been comparing our present condition, with that of the people of the dark age of the 19th century, as I have told thee. They had a species of animal called the horse, in those early times, which have long since become extinct. They also had machines called locomotives, which, considering their ignorance of mechanics, were very ingeniously constructed; they were impelled by vapor, and roared and rumbled over the surface of the earth, at the rate of fifty miles an hour; rather slow speed for these days of aerial navigation. Then it took more than a week to cross the sea, from the European to the American continent; a journey which we now make in 40 hours. They also transmitted thought through metallic wires, in those days, Zolivia, which they called telegraphs. It is amusing and instructive to think of the imperfection of everything in those days; our rapid means of personal transit, and of thought-transmission in this present year, 2356, and the snail-like paces of 1856. At that early date, men slew animals, called oxen, sheep and swine, for food. Statues and pictures of those singular looking beasts, may be occasionally seen in our antique museums. There is but little room for wonder or surprise, that the human soul failed to develop its powers under the influence of such horrible food; for we, in this age, Zolivia, realize the truth, and know that the soul and body fed on the aromas distilled and extracted from the blood and gore of slaughtered brutes, cannot reap the fruits which the intellect and soul of man was intended to, from the glowing knowledge of love and wisdom beyond the azure skies!

We know, Zolivia, that the soul can grow, expand, purify, and become melodious, only when sustained by the fine, Electric, Magnetic, Odyllic and Edeanic aromas, which evolve from the finer departments of the floral, faunal and frutal kingdoms of Nature, in the lower and the upper realms! In those days of human infancy, my gazelle-eyed Zolivia, men failed to realize that the stupidities, ferocities, hatreds, and in fact every quality of every brute, was and is, incarnated, condensed and crystallized in the flesh and essences of the physical structure thereof. We, in this age, know that man is not sustained by flesh, or substance, but by the essences, or the sublimated aromas thereof, which are by the stomach extracted therefrom, and which then assimilate with, and form part of, first the blood, and then, by virtue of still more important changes, pass to the nerves, and still refining and ascending become the pabulum of the human spirit itself.

History informs us, my precious one, that the ancient people of the 19th century were savages, barbarians, selfish sycophants, and fawning knaves; because, my love-light, the essences of the flesh they ate contained and imparted the qualities of the beasts that furnished it. In these days—2356—we reject such things, and as a consequence need not the aid of metallic wires to transmit thought, but do it by the exercise of clarified mind!

In the 19th century—the night-time of the human mind—mankind required a materio-tangible and sensational proof and demonstration of the fact of immortality. What an astonishing statement! and yet it is true! It makes us smile, when we look back and realize their astonishing obtuseness. It is amusing, Zolivia, when we picture to ourselves spirits, angels, seraphs, edeonics and arsarsarphs, being actually compelled to make noises on tables, or to clarify portions of the brains of certain persons then called mediums, in order to prove man an immortal being. This state of things has long since ceased, my best-beloved, and men know better than to saturate their forms with poisons. Men no longer inhale the smoke of a burning vegetable called tobacco, or of a gum called opium, as they did in the dark ages of the 19th century. They no longer drink chemical liquids and fiery compounds, known as tea, coffee, wine and alcohol; nor do we subsist upon roots which grow in the ground, for those were evidently intended not for man, but for the beasts, which lived in those days, and which were provided with horn-like protuberances wherewith to dig them from the soil. We now inhale pure air, and are not poisoned with the rarified and partially burned oxygen of stove-furnished rooms; nor do we waste our physical powers and excellencies for the sake of a passing moment of pleasure, which is false, fleeting, evanescent and hollow, and consequently do not sap the foundations of life, from which flow the finer emotions and feelings of the spirit. But our education commences in the bodies and souls of our parents, years before we are born; consequently we have none of the strange looking men which people of the dark times of the 19th century, called physicians, or doctors, who were endowed with a knowledge of the science of poisons; for it is a fact, Zolivia, that whenever a man or woman became poisoned, these personages straightway administered poison still more deadly than the original; yet, in spite of all this, the people lived to the astonishing age of 60, 70, and sometimes 80, or more, years. This resulted, however, from the fact, that men took more care of their bodies than their minds; for, if, like us, they knew how to expand the soul and fit it for the skies, they would sooner have left the earth, and mounted aloft, to a happier home.

Thus ends the part of the letter we thus far have been able to decipher. We have engaged the services of an eminent cryptographer, who will furnish further translations, at another time.

BEN REDDEN ELL"

At a subsequent sitting, the following was given by the same spirit, which we were required to append to the lecture:

To STEPHEN ALBRO:—The center-stance of Buffalo, or sun receptive and sun impartive of food to hungry and starving souls of immortal men, being the instrument, or mouth-piece, through which we are about